Supernatural, Gabriel/Crowley, appreciating the little things in life

R, Gabriel/Crowley having an argument just after dinner. Also contains Gabriel in a well-tailored suit.

Oct. 21st, 2010 07:30 am (UTC)

Crowley is never ever going to say it, but Gabriel looks absolutely amazing in a dark suit. Ever since Gabriel apologized for a fight by showing up in one of the sharpest suits Crowley had seen and then shared the name of his tailor, Gabriel had been showing up in suits more often than not.

Crowley can't say he disapproves of this, as it's a sight better than that ugly green jacket Gabriel is so fond of, and Crowley appreciates how a tie gives him a handle on Gabriel.

Tonight, however, Gabriel is wearing a bow-tie instead of a tie, and Crowley *hates* the look of the thing.

Dinner had been tensely cordial. Crowley had seriously debated using the candle-flame to burn Gabriel's bow-tie.

Gabriel, on the other hand, had enjoyed the steak. And the wine. And he had grinned at Crowley's dark glares, and Crowley knew that he had selected the neck-wear on purpose.

Damn the angel.

Damn the angel and his too-smart eyes and his suit and damn him for his penchant for teasing.

Crowley could almost like the bastard, except for these kinds of things.

The moment Gabriel put down his knife and fork in the cross that signaled the end of his dinner, his bow-tie spontaneously combusted.

There was no ash, and once the dratted thing was gone, his suit was immaculately clean again - not a scorch mark in sight.

Gabriel sighed. "You couldn't have waited any longer?"

"Absolutely not." Crowley said, taking his last bite of food and putting down his silverware. "It looked ridiculous."

Gabriel rolled his eyes and got up, circling the table. "You think my jacket looks

ridiculous, and it's never burst into flames."

Crowley looked at him, taking a sip of his scotch. "You have an unhealthy obsession with the thing. I'm not suicidal."

"And how do you know I don't have an 'unhealthy obsession' with my former bow-tie?"

"Because," Crowley said, standing. "You wore it here, and it wasn't fire proof."

Silence for a moment.

"You actually tried to set my jacket on fire?" Gabriel asked, tone incredulous.

"How do you think I know that it's fire proof?" Crowley said, scowling. "You left it on the bed that time we tested my bath, and didn't pick it up 'till morning."

"Crowley, I am mortally offended. No, I am wounded!" Gabriel put a hand to his heart. "You know how much I - "

"Oh, stuff it." Crowley muttered darkly. "I'd rather not spend my evening arguing about the stupid thing with you."

And now Gabriel was pouting. Crowley decided that he was going to have to find a better arch-angel to have hot sex with. One who didn't switch to the mentality of a seven year old at the drop of a hat.

Abruptly, as soon as the thought had surfaced in his mind, Gabriel had looked at him.

"There's no one better n' me for you, darling." He said, and Crowley sighed.

"Yes, yes, I know. I'd never get rid of you."

"Better not!" Gabriel said, cheerfully, and snapped his fingers. "Because I like you, demonic hellspawn that you are."

The snapping of Gabriel's fingers had deposited them both in Crowley's bedroom, with Crowley bound to the bed, and Crowley could hear the tone of serious threatening that was in Gabriel's tone.

So he looked at Gabriel, tugged gently at the restraints and sighed. "Honestly. As if I'd give you up. Now at least kiss me before you set to debauching me."

It took a moment, but Crowley was being honest for once, and Gabriel finally bent in and kissed him.

"We're still trying whips tonight, darling," He whispered, and Crowley rolled his eyes.

"As if you'd ever make it easier on me." He said, and smirked. This was better, this was what he wanted out of time with Gabriel, and from the archangel's smirk, Crowley knew that he would agree.